



# [locked/private] It's not an anniversary.



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2009-07-18 23:41:00

MOOD: ???  confused

I've been careful not to notice those. But two months and four days ago, I broke a promise to my best friend. And I locked her up, for the rest of her life, because I couldn't do for her what I was careful to never say I would.

I went to see her today. I saw her: I didn't get to talk to her. I only got to talk to \*it.\* I think: I don't know. Maybe she does want to hurt me that badly.

I deserve it.

Today is my first blog entry since we shut her away. I used to write locked entries and know she would read them and pretend she hadn't.

Nobody is ever going to read this entry but me.

Tonight was the first time I actually cooked since we locked her up. I had to make something new. Something I hadn't made for her. I made squash blossoms stuffed with fresh basil and ricotta cheese, and I made my own ricotta. It's easy: just whole milk, salt, and vinegar. It's delicious. They're baking now, under tomato sauce and parmesan and white beans in a casserole. I'm going to eat them when they're done.

They'll taste pretty good. I can tell already from the way they smell. I probably should have put some garlic in.

After I eat them, I'm going to make myself a big mug of Irish Coffee ala Hafidha, the kind with one of my home-made marshmallows in it under the whipped cream. The marshmallows I made for her with the stand mixer she and Daphne got me for Christmas, because I said I couldn't make marshmallows without a stand mixer and they wanted to try some. (And because they knew it would make me happy.)

That will taste pretty good too.

I can't help but feel like I shouldn't be tasting it.

I still have those dreams sometimes. I still hear it, him, mumbling in the corners. I'm afraid I did the wrong thing. I think I did the wrong thing.

I think I should have used the gun.

But then I think about Daphne and the gang, and I think that's what the Bug would have wanted. Because sure, I wouldn't feel like this if I had done it. But they would feel worse, wouldn't they? And what about Mr. & Mrs. Hafidha, and Marti, and the Ng kids, and Tricia, and my internet buddies, and Tasha, and Gail (oh, god, Gail, Universe, YOU SUCK.), and the guys at the gym, and--

And I'm happy not to be dead. Jesus fuck, I'm so happy not to be dead.

Where do I get off being happy at all? How did I wind up with all these people who think they need me? This isn't me. This isn't my life.

I think I need to go jump off something tall.



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This looks like a  
good idea.

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This.

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Little guy's not  
bad.

Gotta teach RHex  
to smear.

0 comments